

[24/06/08][21:36:04] -

Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 5

Author:

Tragedy struck us today.
We had no more than
started out from camp
when we were set upon
by another band of the
dark riders (this is what
Enas has taken to calling
the bird that was killed

yesterday). Three of them
struck at the same time,
though it didn't seem to
be a coordinated attack,
just our bad luck.

Michelle could scarcely
fire her bow, as one kept
close to her and rushed
her whenever she tried
to aim. Enas began
casting defensive spells on
each of us, and I was
washed over by magic as
a Reactive Armor spell
was placed on me. Dresler
seemed nervous, and
rushed to stay away
from any of the beasts.
It was all I could do to
keep from running away
myself...

CrawWorth and Xarot,
however, were godsends.
Their skills and
perseverance kept the
birds from seriously
threatening any of us,
and though we were doing
what seemed like little
damage to them, they
were doing as little
damage to us as well.

The tragedy occurred only
a minute or so after the
birds attacked. Xarot,
with no thought for his
own preservation, led the
beasts towards one
another, and two of them

bit at each other!
Fighting over the very
meal that stood before
them! With a quick grace
that could only come
from many years of
study he leapt between
the two and drew the
attention of the third.

With all three of them
focusing their energy on
him he disappeared into
the brush.

"MOVE ON!!" He yelled,
"I'll catch up!"

CrawWorth was near
exhaustion and could
scarcely reply. His words
disappeared into a tumult
of heavy breathing. He
eyed me for a moment
and then turned to
Michelle.

"Get us to safety!" he
hissed, his breath coming
in ragged gasps.

She led us on. After an
hour or so of travel we
stopped to wait for
Xarot's return. Sadly, we
have not yet heard from
him. Occasionally we hear
the wicked scream of the
dark birds, and my skin
crawls as I wonder what
has happened to our
brave friend.

It was almost dark when
we saw the first of the
lighted buildings.

Another village. We
arrived as a rugged group
and fell to the ground as
soon as we were within
what we felt to be the
city's safety. Villagers
came to help, offering
food, water, and healing,
as well as a place to
stay. CrawWorth has
already dozed off on a
cot offered up by one of
the village elders.

Michelle and Enas are
talking with some of the
others who are a little
more eager to spread

information about the warring races the other village was loathe to discuss. I have not yet heard much of the information, though the words 'Snake-man' and 'Spider-people' have come up frequently.

When CrawWorth awakens and finds out more we shall travel again....